Prowd Protector, enuy in thine eies I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dare presume gainst that thy soueraigne likes.
Hum. Nay my Lord, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, prowd Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake,
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophecied France would be lost ere long.

Exit Duke Humphrey.

Card. There goes our protector in a rage,
My lords, you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streetes,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying, Iesus blesse your royall excellence,
With, God preserue the good Duke Humphrey,
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey,
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exit Cardinal.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somerset, be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Som. Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.
Buck. Content, come let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition followes after,
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords, let vs seeke for our countries good,
Oft haue I heard this haughtie Cardinal
Sweare, and forsweare himselfe, and braue it out,

More

More like a Ruffin then a man of church.
Cosen Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credite amongst the common sort,
The reuerence of mine age, and Neuels name,
Is of no little force if I commaund,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes *W*arwicke my noble sonne?
War. For griefe that all is lost that *W*arwicke wonne.
Sonnes. Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once,
Why *Warwick* did win them, & must that then which we won
with our swords, be giuen away with wordes?
Yorke. As I haue read, our Kings of England were woont to
haue large dowries with their wiues, but our king Henry
giues away his owne.
Salsb. Come sonnes, away, and looke vnto the maine.
War. Vnto the Maine, oh father, Maine is lost,
VVhich *Warwicke* by maine force did win from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meane *Maine*,
Which I wil win from France, or els be slaine.

Exit Salsbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.
A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,
And make a show of loue to prowd Duke Humphrey:
And when I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall prowd *Lancaster* vsurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whose church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:

Then

3 dares— 28 come then lets—
Penult- Oft haue I seen this—